POMPEY THE GREAT.

A Tragedy.

by Waller associated by Dorset & Sedley

As it was Acted by the Servants of His Royal Highness the Duke of YORK.

Translated out of French by Certain PERSONS OF HONOUR.

——— *Qui se Lectori credere malunt*
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi:
Namque Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure Voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia Vana.

Horat.

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POMPEY
THE
GREAT.

A Tragedy.

PROLOGUE
AT THE
HOUSE.

From Greece, *the place, where Wit and Learning grew,*
To Conquering Rome, *the Baniſh'd Muſes flew,*
With other Spoils adorning ſo her State,
That all her Writers ſeem but to Tranſlate;
From thence the Roman *Eagle on her Wing,*
Theſe Entertainments tow'rds the North *did bring,*
Of ſuch Delights cold Regions owe their part,
Not to kind Nature, but to Care and Art:
The Peach, the Tulip, Nectarine and Roſe,
Not in our Woods, but in our Garden grows;
Who nothing will but what is Home-bred taſte,
Muſt live content with Acorns and with Maſt;
For your Diverſion we this Night preſent,
A Fruit which grew upon the Continent;
Of all that's French, *'tis Rank'd among the beſt,*
And may prove better in our Language dreſs'd;
As Flowers Tranſplanted recompence our Toyl,
Doubling their Beauties with their Change of Soil;
This you muſt judge of, only make us bold
With kind Attention, and you ſhall behold
How Cleopatra *Looks, how* Cæſar *Burns,*
How Pompey *Dyes, and how* Cornelia *Mourns.*

The Actors Names.

Cæsar	
Lepidus, *Antonius*	Senators, and followers of *Cæsar*.
Cornelia	Wife to *Pompey*.
Philip	Freed-man of *Pompey*.
Ptolomey	King of *Ægypt*.
Cleopatra	His Sister.
Photinus, *Achillas*	Counsellors to *Ptolomy*.
Charmion, *Achoreus*	Adherers to *Cleopatra*.
Septimius	A Degenerate *Roman*.

POMPEY.

Act the First, Scene the First.

Enter *Ptolomey*, *Photinus*, *Achillas*, *Septimius*.

Ptolom. THe Fates disclose their Book, and now we Read,
What of the Father and the Son's decreed.
Th' amazed Gods awhile seem'd all divided,
What they demurr'd *Pharsalia* has decided,
Whose Rivers Dy'd with Blood and Rapid made
Swell with the fury of the *Roman* blade,
Arms, Eagles, Bodies, all Confus'dly spread,
Cover her Fields infected with the Dead,
Heaps of the Slain deny'd a Funeral,
Just Nature to their own Revenge does call
From putrid Corps exhaling Poysonous airs,
Enough to plague the guilty Conquerours;
This is the Title of great *Cæsars* cause,
At this dire Evidence by *Mars* his Laws,

Cæsar's absolv'd and *Pompey* guilty cry'd,
This pitty'd Leader of the Juster side,
By weary Fortune of success bereft,
Is made a great example, and has left
The world a pattern of her Rowling Wheel,
Whose dismal turn whole Nations with him feel;
He, whose Prosperity was wont to vye,
With his own Wish, from *Thessaly* does fly,
The Vanquish'd *Pompey* to our Ports, our Walls,
Our Court approaching for a Refuge calls,
From his own Father in Law, his proud defeat
Seeks where against the *Tytans* a retreat
The Gods once found, where in despight of all,
They that sav'd Heav'n he thinks may stop his fall,
And sharing the Despair on which he's hurl'd,
May give a prop unto the Tottering world;
For the World's fate on *Pompey*'s fate depends;
And to our *Ægypt* in distress he sends,
For Aid or Ruine, a Recruit or Grave,
We must sink with him or his Fortunes save.
This tempest Friends your grave advice must calm,
He brings dread Thunder or the welcome Palm,
He Crown'd the Father, Threatens now the Son,
Memphis he gave, and hazards what h' has done;
His ruine I must share, or else comply
With *Cæsar*'s wish and make my Suppliant dye:
The first Unsafe, the other Base and low,
I fear Injustice or an Overthrow,
Do what I can, to whatsoe're I fly,
'Tis full of Danger or of Infamy;
The choice is mine, and you are to consult
What to incline me to by your result;
Pompey's the Theam, and we must have the praise
To trouble *Cæsar*, or compleat his Bays,
You sit on both their fortunes, upon more
Than any Council ever sat before.

Photin. Sir, When the Sword great Causes does decide,
Justice and Right good States-men lay aside,

And who will wisely Act in such a season,
Must ballance Strength and not examine Reason;
Weigh your own forces then and *Pompey*'s might,
His Hopes are dash'd, his fruitless Valour light;
'Tis not from *Cæsar* only that he flies,
But from the dread reproach and wrathfull Eyes
Of *Romes* great Senate, whose best half invites
To a Rich Banquet the *Pharsalian* Kites;
He flies the City and the Sons of *Rome*,
Which his Defeat to Slavery does Doom;
He flies the Rage of Nations and of Crowns,
That would revenge on him their Ransack'd Towns,
Their weakn'd States of Men and Money drain'd,
Their Reputation by his Losses stain'd;
The cause of all their Woes, hated by all,
He flies the whole World shatter'd with his fall;
Will you against such Opposition stand,
And bear his Cause up with a single hand?
The hope he had was in himself alone,
What might be done, he did, he Overthrown
You must give way, will you sustain a weight
Which *Rome* bends under shrinking from her height?
Maintain a Quarrel that has Thunder strook
The reeling World, and the great *Pompey* broke?
They that the faults of Fortune would amend,
And be too Just, against themselves Offend,
Whilst indiscreetly kind with vain Effort
They perish with those Friends they would support;
Their faith has a brave Lustre, but they fall,
And honour lessens not the bruise at all.
Side with the Gods, declare your self for Fate,
Draw not on us their Thunder and their Hate,
Ask not how justly, wherefore they chastise,
But worship him whom they would have to Rise,
Approve of their Decrees, applaud their Will,
And whom they Frown on in Obedience Kill.
By divine Vengeance on all sides pursu'd
Pompey involves your *Ægypt* in the fewd;

His head that he has ſhifted ſo to Save,
Falling your Royal Company would have;
His preſent coming I Unfriendly deem,
Th' effect of Hatred rather than Eſteem;
'Tis to Deſtroy you, hither now to fly,
And can you doubt if he deſerve to Dye?
He ſhould have come with Bays upon his brows,
And with Succeſs have ſeconded our Vows;
With Feaſts and Triumphs then we had receiv'd him.
'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him,
Not him, but his ill Fortune we neglect,
For to his Perſon we would pay Reſpect;
Cæſar ſubdu'd, by the ſame Sword had Dy'd,
With which leſs willingly we peirce his ſide;
Under his Ruine you muſt ſhelter take,
And in this Storm his Death your Harbour make,
Which though the World ſhould reckon as a Crime,
Is but a Juſt compliance with the time;
The ſtrict regard of Juſtice does annoy
The power of Crowns, and policy Deſtroy;
'Tis the Prerogative of Kings to ſpare
Nothing when they their own Deſtruction fear;
He wants no Danger whom the care of Right
Keeps from Injuſtice when 'tis requiſite;
Who to his Royal Power no bound, would have
To his own Conſcience muſt not be a Slave;
And thus you have my Counſel mighty Sir,
Who Kills the Conquer'd, Gains the Conquerour.

Achil. *Photinus*, Sir, ſpeaks well, but though the Day
Pompey has loſt, his Perſon yet I weigh,
Ireverence that Blood the Gods did ſpare,
When his whole Army ſuch a Fate did ſhare;
Nor ſee I reaſon why it ſhould be ſpilt,
Unleſs it prove a neceſſary Guilt:
What needs ſuch Rigour? your Eſtate is ſure,
Who takes no part, can make no Forfeiture;
You may ſtand Neuter, as you did before,
Though *Cæſar*'s riſing Fortune you adore,

And treat him like a God, by my advice,
You ſhall not make him ſuch a Sacrifice,
For *Mars* it were too precious, and will give
Your name a Blot you never ſhall Out-live;
It is enough that *Pompey* hither came,
And found no Succour, to keep you from blame;
The Senate by his inclination led,
Set *Ægypts* Crown upon your Fathers head,
And yet I ſay not Kings ſhould gratefull be,
Beyond the bounds and rule of Policy,
They of their people ought more care to ſhew
Than gratitude for all that they can owe,
A Crown beſtow'd can lay no Obligation
On him that takes it to deſtroy his Nation.
Beſides, if every circumſtance be weigh'd,
What ventur'd *Pompey* in your Fathers aid?
He ſought thereby to make his Credit known,
And glory got by rendring him his own,
He to the Senate an Oration made,
But *Cæſar*'s thouſand Talents did perſwade,
Had not that Treaſure made your Fathers way,
In vain had been whatever he could ſay;
He for you then, for him to *Cæſar* you
May plead, 'tis all with ſafety you can do,
And all you owe him, to receive him here,
Were to admit a Gueſt that you muſt fear.
A Conquer'd Conſul is ſo great a thing,
That he will bear himſelf above a King;
Forbid him Landing then, and ſpare his Head;
But if your Majeſty will have him Dead,
Command this Sword to execute your Will,
Great *Pompey*'s blood I'le be the firſt ſhall ſpill.

Septim. Dread Sir, I am a *Roman*, and do know
Both theſe Commanders and their Intereſt too,
To ſuccour *Pompey* were a dangerous part,
To chace him hence would gain but half the heart
Of mighty *Cæſar*, and make him your foe,
Who yet perhaps may to ſuch Greatneſs grow,

Raiſing

Raising new Forces both at Land and Sea,
That he at length with *Cæsar* may agree,
And both revenge themselves on such a friend,
Whose cold Neutrality did both offend;
In rendring him I no less danger find,
Cæsar to Pardon him must seem inclin'd;
And with false glory make glad *Rome* believe
Tis for her sake he lets his Rival live,
Whilst in the secret of his thoughts he knows
That his forc'd Clemency to you he owes;
Free *Cæsar* then from Danger and from Guilt,
And let his fortune on your shame be built,
Pompey destroy'd of *Cæsar* we are sure,
And from the Vengeance of the Dead secure;
This my advice is, what *Achillas* said;
Would give you cause to Live of both afraid.

Ptolom. Then to Necessity let Justice vail,
And the Plurality of Votes prevail,
My inclination too favours that doom,
Which may abate this Arrogance of *Rome*;
Let her that does the prostrate World bestride,
Lose at one stroke both Liberty and Pride;
Let *Pompey* Dye in whom her Hopes do Live,
To the World's Tyrants let's a Tyrant give,
Let us contribute to the Fates decree,
To make them Subjects and us Monarchs free,
At least our Masters by this brave resolve
In the same Servitude we shall involve;
Go then *Achillas*, with *Septimius* go,
And make us famous by this noble blow;
Had Heav'n to *Pompey* been propitious,
It had not sent him to Endanger us.

Achil. Sir, What a King commands is always just.

Ptolom. Hast then, begon; and answer this great Trust,
Which well perform'd, our Throne secure you make;
Remember *Rome* and *Egypt* are at Stake.

Exeunt.

Scene

Scene the Second.

Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. *Photinus*, this our Sister will deceive,
That hopes a Crown from *Pompey* to receive;
She knows he has our Father's Will in guard,
And sees her way to Royalty prepar'd
By his arrival, she already plays
The Queen, and her Ambitious hopes betrays,
Thinking by *Pompey*'s friendship and his might
To ratifie that Will and share my Right;
She looks as if she were already grown
My Mistriss, or my Partner in the Throne.
Photin. Sir, 'tis a Motive which I did not urge,
That *Pompey*'s Death will her ill humours purge;
Your cause decided by that antient Host
Of our late King, would half the Kingdome cost.
His Will performed will divide your State;
Yet wish I not you should your Sister hate,
By Nature's Law she ought to have her part,
Not in the Royal Throne, but in your Heart.
To Reign in Consort little Honour brings,
And you would seem Commissioners not Kings;
This way how oft have States distracted been?
But see! your Sister the pretended Queen.

Scene

Scene the Third.

Ptolomey, Cleopatra, Photinus.

Cleop. *Pompey*'s arriv'd, Sir, ſhall he come alone?
Ptolom. *Achillas* and *Septimius* both are gone
To wait upon him hither.
Cleop. Are they two
Enough for him?
Ptolom. Why, Siſter, you may go.
Cleop. Were it too much, had you in Perſon gone?
Ptolom. Yes, I muſt keep the honour of the Throne?
Cleop. Remember, Sir, who plac'd you there, and bow
To that Great man to whom you ſo much owe.
Ptolom. Yes, your Great man's deſerted and o'rethrown,
Cleop. Still he is *Pompey* and gave you the Crown.
Ptolom. 'Tis *Pompey*'s Ghoſt which has oblig'd the Ghoſt
Of our Dead father, let him go and boaſt
Thoſe merits paſt upon his Monument,
Thither perhaps e're long he may be ſent.
Cleop. *Pompey* a Ghoſt! and ſent unto a Grave!
Is this the welcome he deſerves to have?
Ptolom. 'Tis what the Gods inſpired us to do,
And what the Kingdoms good compell'd us to.
Cleop. *Photin*, and ſuch mean Counſellours I fear
Have with baſe Counſel poyſoned your Ear.
Photin. The counſel, Madam, we muſt all avow,
Cleop. Peace, till I ſtoop to mingle words with you.
Ptolom. She is my Siſter, let her humour ſway,
For your known Innocence there needs no plea.
Cleop. Sir, Let that horrid Sentence be recall'd
If not too late, nor longer be enthrall'd
To theſe low Slaves, but ſuch advice imbrace
As Heav'n ſuggeſts to thoſe of our high Race.
Ptolom. Swell'd with the hopes of *Pompey*'s friendſhip, you
Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow

With

With a falſe ſhew of Virtue you can hide
Your Intereſt too, and your Ambitious pride.
With *Pompey*'s Death you could be well content,
Did he not keep our Father's Teſtament.
Cleop. No Sir, 'Tis honour, and not Intereſt,
Which for great *Pompey* makes me thus Conteſt;
Take here a Secret, which will let you know
My Hopes are built upon his Mortal foe:
When the Rude people of this barbarous Town,
Made the Late King deſert his Royal Throne,
His Native Soil he left, in hope to find
Rome's Senate to their old Confederate kind;
To move their Pity we both went along,
You but a tender Child, my ſelf though Young
Yet of an Age to make that Beauty known
Which Heav'n had lent me, and ſome Hearts my own;
Above the reſt *Cæſar* his Paſſion ſhows,
Declares his Love, but yet with Caution wooes;
Fearing the Senate, he puts *Pompey* on,
Our buſ'neſs was by their new friendſhip done;
Pompey's Authority for his Sake we had,
And you this way with Royal Robes are clad.
But *Cæſar* thus to gain us mighty *Rome*,
Thought not enough, his Love perſues us home,
His Purſe as well as Heart he open'd wide,
And with his Treaſure our Low ſtate ſupply'd;
His thouſand Talents which are yet unpaid,
Over the Rebells us Victorious made,
This knew our Dying Father, and beſtow'd
Half that on me to whom the Whole he ow'd,
He knew the Kingdome was my Beauties prize,
And that he ow'd his Scepter to theſe Eyes;
Betwixt us two by his laſt Will, the Land
Reſtor'd by *Cæſar* does Divided ſtand;
And thus you ſee it is no Partial end,
But ſenſe of Honour makes me *Pompey*'s friend.
Ptolom. This ſtory is contrived with a Dreſs.
Cleop. Of *Cæſar*'s coming here is an expreſs;

The cauſe I have to bear me like a Queen,
Shall by your Self, this Day perhaps be ſeen;
For ſome years paſt here treated like a Slave,
My right with-held, which our juſt Father gave,
To flatter Slaves I have employ'd my breath;
Leſt your bad Miniſters ſhould plot my Death;
From *Photin* and *Achillas* Tyranny
Pompey or *Cæſar* now will ſet me free.
One of thoſe Two our Difference ſhall decide,
And then you'l know the reaſon of my Pride.

Exit Cleopatra.

Scene the Fourth.

Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. WHat think you, *Photin*, of this haughty Dame?
Photin. This ſecret never to my Knowledge came;
Confus'd, Uncertain, in my Thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this Storm may be declin'd.
Ptolom. Shall *Pompey* Live then?
Photin. No, the rather Dye;
This way you muſt with your fair Siſter vye
For *Cæſar*'s grace, whoſe Gratitude may prove
For ſuch a Service equal to his Love.
Ptolom. VVhat if her Charms with *Cæſar* ſhould prevail?
Photin. She muſt be flatter'd, if you think I fail,
VVith wiſe *Septimius* and *Achillas* you
May take advice what you are next to do.
Ptolom. From the high Tower wee'l look on *Pompey*'s fate,
And this Affair at their return debate.

Exeunt.

Act Second, Scene First.

Cleopatra ſola.

Cleop. YEs, I do Love, but muſt not let the flame
Dazle me ſo as to neglect my Fame;
My heart feels both its Duties, and by turns,
It ſighs for *Pompey*, and for *Cæſar* burns:
Nor ſhall the Victors paſſion make me loſe
The ſenſe of what our Houſe to *Pompey* owes.
She that great *Cæſar* loves, ſhould in her Soul
Abhorr th' appearance of a Crime ſo foul;
It were an Injury to his Deſire,
To think that Baſeneſs can foment the Fire.

Enter *Charmion.*

Charm. VVhat, do you *Cæſar* love, and yet would raiſe
Ægypt to trample on *Pharſalia*'s Bays,
Stop the high courſe of Fate, your Force direct
'Gainſt him you Love, and his great Foe protect?
Love is no Tyrant with you I perceive.

Cleop. VVith their high Birth Princes this good receive,
Their Souls partake their Generous race, and ſo
Their rudeſt Paſſions to their Virtue bow,
And whilſt the Dictates of their own high Blood
They dare obſerve, Illuſtrious, and all good
That they determine, and the ill we find,
Flows from the Counſel of ſome Baſer Mind;
Thus is great *Pompey* loſt, the King would ſave
A friend diſtreſs'd, *Photinus* diggs his Grave.

Charm. Thus then of *Cæſar*, we in one Perſon ſee
At once the Lover and the Enemy.

Cleop. No, thus I Court him, and no Charm there is
Like that of Virtue, o're a Mind like his.
Charm. VVhat we Desire is easily Believ'd,
And where we Love we soonest are Deceiv'd.
Cleop. Know then a Queen that holds her Honour dear,
From no brave man, a low neglect can fear,
And whensoe're she owns her high desire,
She meets an Equal if no greater Fire:
But this concerns not me, who long ago
Gave that great Conquerour the fatal Blow.
At *Rome* the haughty Man became my Slave,
And the first marks of his new Passion gave;
And since that time, each Day, some new expres
Brings me his Vows, and tells me his Succes,
Through *France*, through *Spain*, or whersoe're he flies,
Fortune attends, and Love Accompanies,
He VVorships me alone, and to my Eyes
Ascribes the Fame of all his Victories,
Oft with that hand all Reaking in the gore
Of Slaughter'd foes, my Pity does implore,
Beating his breast, and with an humble guise
Complains of Chains amidst his Victories,
Vows he no pleasure took on what he had won,
Till unto me the high Succes was known,
In whose dear Love, alone, he can receive
The utmost Joys the Conquer'd world can give:
He offers me his Glory, to my Laws
Submits that Heart and Hand the VVorld obeys;
So that my Rigour, like *Joves* Thunder, can
Make the most VVretched of the Greatest man.
Charm. VVell, I dare swear your Charms a Power enjoy,
VVhich though they boast of, they will ne're Employ;
And the great *Cæsar* shall no Trouble know,
If it can only from your Rigour grow:
But what d'you aim at? or to what pretend?
Another VVife does all fair hopes defend;
The Holy band of Sacred *Hymen* keep,
His Soul enchain'd, and all such Thoughts asleep.

Cleop. A freſh Divorce ſo common at this day,
May in my favour take thoſe Lets away.
'Twas ſo he Marry'd her, and who can blame
Him to return her by the way ſhe came?
Charm. And who can ſay but hee'l ſerve you ſo too?
Cleop. That ſure my better Stars wo'nt let him do;
And if propitious Heaven but bleſs my Bed
With any branch of his Illuſtrious ſeed,
That happy Union of our Blood will Joyn
Our Intereſt ſo, he'll be for ever mine;
And ſince he hath no Children, the new tye
Will grow upon him, and my Youth ſupply:
But whatſoe're befall me, if I may,
Ile be his Bride, and though but one ſhort Day
Our Marriage laſt, the Glory ne're can fall
To have been once the Mighty Queen of all
The Proſtrate World; this my Ambition ſays,
To which, be it right or wrong, my Soul obeys;
I Love the Noble heat, and 'tis alone
The generous paſſion that a Queen may own.
Charm. 'Tis not the neareſt way to *Cæſar*'s Bed,
Nor this thought greatneſs, to ſave *Pompey*'s Head.
Cleop. But 'tis the Nobl'ſt, and I ſhould diſdain
The Higheſt Title with the Smalleſt Stain;
Then wonder not, I *Pompey* thus protect,
For ſo my Honour, and his Worth, direct.
'Tis for his hapleſs Virtue all I may,
And would to Heaven h'had ta'ne ſome other way,
And hope ſome friendly Storm will yet prevent
Upon ſo Brave a Man our Foul Intent,
Forcing his Veſſel from our Faithleſs ſhore;
But here comes *Achoree* will tell us more:
What, is it done? and is our curſed Land,
With the high Blood of the great *Pompey* ſtain'd?

Enter

Enter *Achoree.*

Achor. Madam, as you commanded, to the place
I follow'd 'em, where I in little ſpace
Saw the whole Treaſon, the Great *Pompey* bleed,
And every paſſage of that Barbarous deed;
And ſince you do command me here proclame
That glorious Death which covers us with ſhame,
Hearken! admire! and his ſtrange Fate deplore.
His Veſſel now in ſight of our falſe Shore,
Had ſtrucken Sail, and he with Joy beheld
Our Gally's coming which his Murderers fill'd,
Thought our brave King touch't with a generous ſenſe
Of the Sad Fortunes of ſo Great a Prince,
Had ſent his Fleet, but when that he perceiv'd
The Armed Boat, he ſoon was undeceiv'd;
Found the Baſe man Ingratefull to ſuch Worth,
Inſtead of Aid had ſent his Murderers forth.

Cleop. How great a Curſe Heaven on that Prince does ſend,
Whom they do Power without Virtue lend!
How much more Bleſt are they that cannot reach
That height of Miſchief which their Natures teach!
Whoſe Lives and Faults are private, ſo that Fame
Can lay no laſting Blot upon their name!
But this baſe Stain will ſtick upon our Houſe,
Whilſt *Memphis* ſtands, or *Nilus* overflows.
But how did *Pompey* on the Villains look?

Achor. He was with Wonder, and not Terror ſtrook;
Some little Fear ſurpriz'd him, but he ſoon
Recall'd his Temper, and then thought alone,
Regardleſs of himſelf, how he might ſave
His dear *Cornelia* from the preſent Grave;
Let us expoſe alone theſe Silver hairs,
To the reception that baſe Land prepares;
Fly then he ſaid, whilſt the whole Storm I bear,
And to take Vengeance by thy reſtleſs care;

Our

Our noble *Juba* bears a Braver mind,
With him thy Father, and my Sons thou'lt find;
Yet if they fail, and meet untimely Deaths,
Never despair, whilst the bold *Cato* breaths.
Thus whilst their Loves contest, the fatal Bark
Makes towards them: *Septimius* as a mark
Of Service gives his hand, in his own Tongue
Salutes him Emperour, as from the Young
Ægyptian Monarch, Step, great Sir, he said,
Into this Boat, Quick-sands and Shelves have made
Our Ports unsafe for greater Ships; even then
Our *Heroe* saw the baseness of the Men,
Yet shew'd no Change, but keeping in his face
His wonted Majesty and fearless Grace,
With the same Count'nance towards his Death doth go,
Wherewith he wont whole Kingdoms to bestow.
His Virtue intire attends him in his fate.
Of all the followers of his happier State,
His freed-man *Philip* then remain'd alone,
From him I learnt what I have now made known.
And this is all, Madam, that he expresst,
My Eyes have seen, my Heart would sigh the rest;
Cæsar himself when his sad Fate he hears,
To such Misfortunes cann't deny his Tears.

Cleop. O spare not mine, proceed, this one relief,
I have, that nothing can increase my grief.

Achor. Far off we saw him coming, and not one
Of all that Troop but his Discourse did shun;
Which strange contempt made him too well perceive,
The Entertainment he should soon receive:
At length they came to Land, and as he stept
A shore, *Achillas* that base Traitor leapt
Forth of the Boat, and the first Wound he made.
Then all at once basely his Life invade;
All of one Land, degenerate Sons of *Rome*,
That should his Guard his Murderers become,
Achillas's self that set the Villains on,
Stood yet amaz'd to see't so boldly done.

Ye

Cleop. Ye Gods that give the World to civil War,
When ye Revenge his Death our City Spare;
Find out the Hands, and punish not the Town,
The crime of *Memphis* was by *Romans* done.
But how does he receive their Treachearous blows?
Achor. Part of his Robe over his Face he throws,
And without seeing it his Fate obey'd,
Disdain'd the Heav'ns that had his cause betray'd,
To look at them, lest Dying he might seem,
Or Aid, or Vengeance to implore of them;
No feeble part though of his failing breath
But shew'd him worthy of a Nobler Death:
His Head cut off, is by the Villains shew'n,
Like some proud Trophie when a Battels won,
And his Dead Body to the Seas expos'd,
Floats now at randome in no Urn inclos'd;
At such a sight the poor *Cornelia* lost ----
Cleop. Great Gods, in what Distraction was she Tost?
Achor. Her Mournfull hands to cruel Heaven she lifts,
Yet pays Subbmission to its hidden Drifts,
And then again o'recome with suddain grief,
Falls in a Sound, and seems to hate Relief;
Her men the while plying the Oars amain,
With frighted haste the Milder Sea regain:
But yet I fear they cannot scape, for base
Septimius does them with six Vessels chace,
VVho to compleat his Crime endeavours shews,
And *Pompey* even after Death persues.
Cleop. Unequall'd Villains! O! Accursed brood!
Are they not Glutted with that *Hero*'s Blood,
That thus his dearer half they do persue,
Forgetting all that to her Sex is due?
Achor. Mean while *Achillas* doth in Triumph bring
His horrid Present to our Faithless King;
The people as he goes astonisht mourn,
And from the hated sight their Faces turn,
A general horrour doth their Souls invade,
Some fear the Ground will open, and be made

Their common Grave: others loud Thunder hear,
To every one does ſome ſtrange Sight appear,
So does the Guilt diſtract them, and preſent
Unto their Thoughts th' exceſs of Puniſhment;
His freed-man *Philip* in a Servants mind,
Shews yet a Courage of the Nobleſt kind,
He follows his Dead Lord, and watches where
Or to what Shore the Angry main will bear
The Headleſs Trunck, that he may duely burn,
And put his Sacred Aſhes in an Urn;
But as toward *Africk* they *Cornelia* chaſe,
Cæſar appears, and almoſt hide the face
Of ſpacious *Neptune* with his Numerous Fleet.
Cleop. It muſt be he, in that we plainly ſee't.
Tremble ye Villains of this impious Land,
Cleopatra now holds Thunder in her hand,
May throw't on whom ſhe will, *Cæſar* is come,
She is your Queen, her angry Breath your Doom.
Let us admire the while, th' uncertain ſtate
Of human greatneſs, and by *Pompey*'s fate
Learn what our own may be: This Prince that ſway'd
Th' Imperial Senate, whom the world Obey'd,
Whom Fortune ſeem'd to have advanc'd above
Her own proud reach, who did more terrour move
In *Rome* than Loudeſt Thunder, whom ſhe ſaw
Three times her proud Triumphal Chariots draw,
Who in theſe laſt extremes and falling ſtate
Both Conſulls had Companions of his Fate,
When Fortune once neglected him, we ſee
Ægyptian Monſters of his Head decree,
We ſee a *Photin* and *Achillas* ſtraight
The great Diſpoſers of the higheſt Fate,
A King that from his Hands a Crown receives,
Him to the hands of Baſeſt Villains gives;
So *Pompey* falls, and ſo perhaps one Day,
The now Victorious and great *Cæſar* may:
But O ye powerfull Gods that ſee my Tears,
Aſſiſt my Wiſhes, and avert my Fears.

Achor. Madam, the King is coming?

[*Enter* Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. Do you know the Honour we are like to have?

Cleop. Yes, *Cæsar*'s come, I'm no more *Photin*'s Slave.

Ptolom. Sister, you always hate that worthy Man.

Cleop. No, but I now despise the worst he can.

Ptolom. Of what design of his can you complain?

Cleop. Where we have suffer'd much, fears are not Vain;
So great a States-man may do any thing,
When he's assisted by a Credulous King.

Ptolom. I follow his advice, and know 'tis good.

Cleop. I fear th' Effects, and see it spares no Blood.

Ptolom. For common safety, all things Lawfull are.

Cleop. That kind of Justice, I too Justly fear:
It cost me late my Interest in the Throne,
And *Pompey*'s Head to whom you owe your Crown.

Ptolom. He never plaid a greater States-mans part,
Cæsar to gain there was no other Art;
You see his haste, and our Disorder'd Town,
Before it could have Arm'd, had been O'rethrown,
But safely now to his Victorious hand,
Your Heart I offer, and my own Command.

Cleop. Make your own offers, I shall mine propound,
You need not thus our Interests confound.

Ptolom. They are but one, since of one Blood we be.

Cleop. You might as well say two of one Degree,
Being Soveraigns both, and yet you'l shortly learn
There is some difference in our concern.

Ptolom. Yes Sister, for my small Dominion ends
In narrow Bounds, nor beyond *Nile* pretends,
But you are *Cæsar*'s Queen, and may command
O're *Ganges*, *Tagus*, and the fartheſt Land.

Cleop. I have Ambition, but 'tis so confin'd,
That though it Dazels me I am not Blind.
Talk not to me of *Tagus* nor of *Ganges*,
I know my Right, and care not for your Changes.

Ptolom. Y' have an advantage, and you'l use't I find.

Cleop. I'm sure if I do'nt I'm not of your mind. [*Exit.*

Ptolom. I follow'd thy advice, yet all my Art,
And loweſt Flattery, but made her ſtart
Into a farther Pride, untill at laſt
Tyr'd with ſuch Scorn my Rage had like t' have paſt
All bounds, and neither minding *Cæſar* nor his force,
With her high Pride have taken ſuch a Courſe,
That ſpight of all her Braggs ſhe ſooner might
Implore of *Pompey* than of him a right;
She talks as though ſh' already were a Queen,
And if he do indulge her Pride and Spleen,
And ſhe o're him her boaſted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King muſt be her Slave;
But lets prevent her Rage, 'tis poor to wait,
And tamely bear the certain ſtroaks of Fate;
Lets put an end to her too long diſdain,
Lets from her take the Means to Pleaſe and Reign.
What? ſhall my Scepter and undoubted Right,
So long maintain'd, a Wanton ſmile requite?

Photin. Sir, give him no pretence to rend your Crown
From off your Head, and joyn it to his own;
That haughty Mind which has no other care
But to bring Cruel Slavery and Warr
Where e're he comes, Tranſported with the Rage
Which ſuch a loſs muſt certainly engage
A Real Lover in, though you but Juſtice do,
Will take th' occaſion to become your Foe,
And then to Colour o're his Thirſt of Spoil,
Your brave Revenge will a foul Murder ſtyle.

Ptolom. If ſhe once ſee him ſhe will have the Crown.

Photin. And if ſhe don't, y' are certainly undone.

Ptolom. I'le pluck her with me, ſince I needs muſt fall.

Photin. Preſerve your ſelf I pray, if that be all.

Ptolom. What! in my Crown to ſee her proudly ſhine?
Scepter, if thou muſt leave theſe hands of mine,
Paſs, paſs, unto the Mighty Conquerours.

Photin. Sir, you will better wreſt it out of hers.
What ever Flames he for a while may ſhow,
Fear not, he ſhortly muſt begone we know;

No Ardour Love can give to ſuch a Soul,
But what his High deſigns will ſoon Controul,
Iberia, *Africa*, are yet poſſeſt
By the Young *Pompeys* and that Intereſt,
So great a General would much miſtake
No other uſe of his Succeſs to make,
Than to give Leiſure to ſuch Daring ſprights,
To be again in poſture for new Fights.

Ptolom. What human Force can long oppoſe that Hand,
Which neither *Rome* nor *Pompey* could withſtand?
And then with Lovers haſte he will return,
And we too late our loſt Occaſion Mourn.

Photin. Soon as he has that Party quite o'rethrown,
He muſt to *Rome* there to ſecure his own;
Change at his Will the Model of the State,
Enjoy the Bounty of Indulgent Fate,
And when he's there, what is't you may not do?
But for a while you muſt to *Cæſar* bow,
Conſtrain your ſelf to pleaſe him, we ſhall find
A time to ſettle all things to your Mind;
Give freely to his hands your Power and Crown,
And to his high Diſpoſal leave your Throne;
What ever hopes her haughty Mind may fill,
I know he muſt obſerve your Fathers will;
Beſides, the late great Service you have done,
Bids you be confident of what's your own;
But whatſo'ere he do's, ſeem to comply,
Extoll his Judgment, praiſe his Equity,
Till he begon at leaſt, and when we ſee
That time and place with our Deſigns agree,
We will revenge our ſelves, and ſhe ſhall find
The fatal Error of her haughty Mind.

Ptolom. Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my Life and Crown;
The greateſt Bleſſings that the Gods ſend down
On Princes, are ſuch Counſellours; lets go
Dear *Atlas* of my Throne, to meet our Foe
With all our Fleet, preſent him all we have,
That we may all again intire Receive.

Act Third, Scene First.

Enter *Charmion* and *Achoreus*.

Charm. WHile *Ptolomey* with low reſpect does haſte
Onr *Ægypts* Crown at *Cæſars* feet to Caſt,
The Queen as unconcern'd at Home does ſtay,
Expecting *Cæſar* like reſpect ſhould pay
To her; what think you of this haughty Dame?
Acho. 'Tis a juſt Value ſet upon the Fame
Of her great Beauty, and becomes her Place
And high Extraction of that Royal Race;
But may I have acceſs?
Charm. No, I am ſent
Of the late Interview to know th' Event,
To learn what the ſtrange Preſent did obtain,
The thanks of *Cæſar* or his Juſt diſdain,
If his Reception of the King were kind,
And what Succeſs our Murtherers do find.
Acho. The Head preſented will produce Effects
Much differing from what *Ægypts* Court expects,
Whoſe Flatteries have miſ-led their Soveraign;
When he took Shipping I was in his Train;
Our Navy Anchor in good Order weigh'd,
And a League hence for *Cæſars* coming ſtaid,
He with full Sails advanc't, as *Mars* had grac't
His Sword with Conqueſt, *Neptune* now as faſt
Favours his Courſe, and to his Fleet, as kind
As his late Fortune, gives a proſperous Wind;
When they firſt meet, Our Prince diſmay'd appears,
Forgetting what became the Crown he wears,
Shews Abject Fear, in Chearfulneſs ill feign'd,
A ſervil Baſeneſs his Behaviour ſtain'd;

I bluſh'd to ſee our *Ptolomey* ſo near
To mighty *Cæſar* and no King appear;
Cæſar that ſaw Fear ſtrike him in amaze,
With Flattering pity did his Spirits raiſe;
He faintly then the fatal Preſent ſhows,
Behold my Lord, the laſt of all your Foes.
Pompey, *Cornelia*, both from me receive
More than the Gods could at *Pharſalia* give;
Here is his Head, the other, though ſhe flies,
Our Fleet perſuing will ſoon make your prize.
The Head diſcover'd of great *Pompey* ſlain
Appear'd as though it would have Spoke again,
As if it yet were warm enough to have
Senſe of th' Affront which to his Ghoſt they gave;
The mouth yet Gaſping, and the wandring ſight
Seem'd to recall the Soul but yet in Flight,
His Dying anger wanted only breath
T' accuſe the Gods for his Defeat and Death.

Charm. Drawn in ſmall ſpace, large Hiſtories have been,
So in that point thoſe Miſeries were ſeen,
That like a Deluge the whole World o'reſpread,
E're they could ſwell ſo high to reach that Head;
Could horrour there, Contracting all her power
Make no Impreſſion on the Conquerour?

Acho. The ſight like Thunder ſtrook him with ſurprize,
As one not knowing what, or how t' adviſe,
His fixed Eye a while, and deep ſuſpence
From all about him hid his Doubtfull ſenſe;
If we may gueſs, he labour'd to Deſtroy
The riſing Motions of uncomely Joy,
To which Ambition did his Thoughts allure,
Finding his Empire o're the World ſecure,
This Pleaſure with Diſcretion did conteſt
For a ſhort pauſe, till Reaſon got the beſt;
Though he loves Greatneſs, Treachery he hates,
Weighs the Worlds Judgment and his own, Debates
What ſolid Motives urge his Joy, or Woe,
At length Concluding, Tears his Eyes o'reflow,

A generous Frailty in his Temper ſhines,
And to his Virtue Intereſt reſigns;
Out of his Sight he ſends them with their Gift,
And with his Eyes and Hands to Heav'n up-lift,
Againſt the Fact in bitter Words declares,
Then ſilent ſtood as one oppreſt with Cares,
Nor to his *Romans* would he make reply,
But with deep Sighing or an angry Eye;
At length with Thirty Cohorts ſet on Land,
Both of our Ports and Gates he took Command,
Plac'd Guards with ſecret Orders every where,
To make Diſtruſt as well as Grief appear,
Speaks as our Lord, names *Pompey*, not as one
That was his Rival, but his Deareſt Son;
There's what I ſaw.

Charm. Here's what the Queen would have,
And what her Prayers from juſt *Oſiris* crave,
Shee'l be Tranſported with this welcome News,
Which to encreaſe your faithfull Service uſe.

Acho. I ſhall, but *Cæſar*'s come, go let her hear
How pale our Courtiers look, how Dead with fear,
And we, as *Cæſar* ſhall his mind diſcloſe,
Will ſoon inform her how this new World goes.

Exeunt.

Scene the Second.

Enter *Ptolomey*, *Cæſar* and *Lepidus*, *Antonius*.

Ptolom. MY Lord, as Soveraign here, our Throne aſcend.
Cæſar. That offer, Sir, ſpeaks you not *Cæſar*'s friend,
Fortunes worſt Malice could not ſet me down
To leſs Advantage than upon a Throne;
Here *Rome*'s hard uſage would find Juſt excuſe,
If ſuch a weak Temptation could ſeduce

A *Roman* heart from its true Character,
To ſtoop at Loyalty, diſdain'd by her,
And giv'n as Cheap, 'tis bred in our Souls frame
To hate that Quality, and ſlight the Name;
This from great *Pompey* you had ſooner known,
If your Diſtreſſed friend y' had dar'd to own,
He had this offer of your Chair declin'd,
If to that Worthy you had been thus kind;
You might perhaps, have fallen, but ſtrew'd with Bays,
No Trophees of Succeſs had match't that praiſe,
When Fortune had betray'd your Enterprize,
Cæſar had took delight to help you Riſe,
But ſince your Thoughts had no regard of Fame,
To that Illuſtrious head whence grew your Claim;
Which way could he forfeit his Life to you,
Whoſe Homage is to the leaſt *Roman* due?
Has fate made me Triumphant o're my Foes,
That *Ægypts* King the Conqueſt ſhould diſpoſe?
My too Deſtructive Sword did I unſheath,
That you might Judge of *Romans* Life and Death?
I Fought to wreſt that Power from *Pompeys* hands,
Shall I endure your Barbarous Commands?
What do you think for this can be your Doom,
Where you pretend a Soveraignty o're *Rome*?
Affronted more in this Illuſtrious head,
Than all the Blood that *Mithridates* ſhed;
Had I been Vanquiſh'd, your Complying thought
My head a preſent had to *Pompey* brought;
Thanks to my Fortune that I am ador'd,
From him Retreating I had met your Sword;
Friendſhip abhorr'd, and formidable Love,
That Safe or Dangerous as our Fortunes prove;
But ſpeak, you have too long ſtood thus Confus'd.

Ptolom. 'Tis true, but with Juſt cauſe may be Excus'd,
A Soveragn Born that always us'd Command,
I now in preſence of my Maſter ſtand,
My Courtiers all with Reverence on me look,
But with like Awe I am by *Cæſar* ſtrook,

Judge

Judge then how I ſhould preſence have of mind,
Who from your Words ſuch Cauſe of Terrour find;
Loſt in profound Reſpect, how ſhould we Clear
This double Cloud of Reverence and Fear?
But above all that which Confounds me moſt,
Is to find *Cæſar* Friend to *Pompeys* Ghoſt.
You urge Ingratitude, but this I know,
That more to *Cæſar* than to him I owe;
Your favour firſt on our Dark Fortune ſhin'd,
To what he did he was by you inclin'd,
Our Cauſe ith' Senate he did undertake,
Protecting Injur'd Princes for your ſake,
Yet vain had been whatever they Decreed,
Unleſs your Bounty had ſupply'd our need;
The Thouſand Talents you ſo Nobly lent,
Reſtor'd us to our Throne from Baniſhment.
Your Son we Honour'd, while he was your Friend,
Before his Force he did againſt you bend;
Before he Envy'd your Succeſs in Warr,
And Tyrant like began this Civil Jarr.

Cæſar. Hold ---- Are you not contented with his Death,
That thus you Blaſt his Glory with your Breath?
Vent not ſuch Slanders as may *Rome* offend,
Nor him Reproach, while you your Self Defend.

Ptolom. Then we refer to Heav'n his ſecret thought,
Which all our Vows during theſe Warrs beſought,
That you by proſp'rous Arms might be redreſt,
Whoſe ſlow Reſentment was ſo rudely Preſs'd.
How could I think, that it became your Friend
To ſpare his Life, that did your Death intend?
A man whoſe Rage no Victory could quel,
Might have fetch'd Succour from the loweſt Hell,
Made the Wild *Parthian* the Sworn foe of *Rome*,
And all the *East* againſt his Father come;
Beſides, had you his Perſon got, our fear
Suppos'd your heart too generous would forbear
Your Juſt Revenge, and Clemency's Exceſs
Had ſtill Contin'd your Unhappineſs.

These friendly fears of Accidents so ill,
Made us secure you, though against your Will;
Our forward Zeal as Guilty you disown,
But 'twas to Serve you, what has been misdone;
Nor need you own the Fact by which you gain,
To keep you Innocent I took the stain,
The Blacker 'tis the more it should be Priz'd,
My Fame to your Concernment Sacrifis'd.

Cæsar. Reasons ill grounded your false Zeal misled,
If what the whole World pray'd for, caus'd your Dread,
That your too Curious fear should thus delude
The fairest hope our Civil Arms pursu'd;
Honour engag'd me my proud Foes to tame,
And then to pardon was my only aim,
The fiercest Enemies I have o'rethrown,
For my Dear Friends and Confidents I own.
What publique Joy had our sad Warr ensu'd,
If I and *Pompey* o're our former feud,
Triumphant had in the same Chariot Rid?
All which your narrow Policies forbid.
You fear'd my Clemency! O gross mistake!
Wish it were greater now for your own sake;
If by strict Rules of Justice I were led,
I should appease *Romes* Anger with your Head;
Without regard to seeming Love, your State,
Or too late Penitence, Indulge my Hate,
And make your Throne it self the Tragick Stage,
Did not your Sister obviate my Rage:
Your guilty Blood my Pardon only gains,
Because it runs in *Cleopatra's* Veins;
On your base Flatterers the fault I lay,
And am content their Lives the forfeit pay;
Guilty or Innocent I shall Esteem
You, as you Spare, or as you Punish them.
Mean while to *Pompey* let new Altars rise
With Honours, such as to the Deities
Are paid, with Sacrifice your Crime repair,
And in that Work imploy your Cheifest care;

Among

Among your Courtiers order this Design,
And leave me otherwise imploy'd with mine.

Exit Ptolomey.

Scene the Third.

Antonius, have you *Ægypts* Princess seen?

Anton. Yes, and all wonders met in that fair Queen,
Heav'n never yet in such a Union Joyn'd
All Beauties Charms with an Accomplish'd mind;
Her Look with a sweet Majesty replete,
The coldest Hearts invades with Conquering heat;
Her Wit surprizes, and her bright Eyes so;
That were I *Cæsar*, I should Love her too.

Cæsar. But how does she our offer'd Love receive?

Anton. As if she durst not, but yet did believe;
With Weak Denials she invites to sue,
And seems not worthy, though she thinks it due.

Cæsar. Shall I prevail?

Anton. What doubt if you Command
Her, that Expects a Scepter from your Hand?
How should your Passion fear to be repell'd?
What can oppose him that has *Pompey* quell'd?
All the Objection that her Caution brings,
Is the Contempt that *Romans* have of Kings;
Something she's troubl'd with *Calpurnia* too,
But all will Vanish at the sight of you,
To pleasing Hopes these Fears will soon give place,
When you shall Woo her with a Conquerours Grace.

Cæsar. Lets go and free her from this Trivial fear,
By making *Cæsars* matchless Love appear;
Come, lets away.

Anton. Before you wait on her
Know that *Cornelia* is your Prisoner,
Brought by *Septimius*, whom his late Crimes raise
To great Expectance of your thanks and praise;

Your Guards by Order when they first took Shore,
Led them tow'rds you without Expressing more.

Cæsar. She must come in; these News untimely stay
Impatient hopes with Languishing delay;
O the Excess of Greatness that Imploys
Our Life in Business, and Deferrs our Joys.

Scene the Fourth.

Enter *Cornelia* with a Guard.

Septim. MY Lord ------

Cæsar. *Septimius* to your Master go,
No Traitors shall abide with *Cæsar*, no
Degenerate wretch, that *Roman* Swords could bring
From *Pompeys* Camp or mine to serve a King.

Cornel. *Cæsar*, for Envious Fates that I out-brave
Can make me but your Prisoner, not your Slave;
Expect not that their Rage should make me Bow
To call you Lord, That Homage is below
Young *Crassus*, *Pompey*'s Widdow, *Scipio*'s Blood,
And what's yet more a *Roman* Born, how shou'd
I stoop to that who am so much above
The power of Fortune in my Birth and Love?
For Life, 'tis that I Blush to own, that I
Could stay behind when I saw *Pompey* Dye;
Though Pity with rude Force impos'd restraint
From Steel, or Waves, It is my shame to want
Those borrowed helps, for loss of such a Friend,
Excess of Grief should Lingring Torments end;
Death were my Glory, that your Captive I
Live, is the last Degree of Misery.

Cæsar. The Nature of your Grief so Violent;
Does to your Thoughts through a Dark Veil present
All black like *Ægyp's* Monsters, this belief
Of them were Just, not where a *Roman*'s chief.

Cornel. O Heav'n! upon my Birth what Planets ſhin'd,
That I muſt praiſe their Clemency to find
My greateſt Foe Rule here, rather than one
My Husbands hand Reſtor'd to his loſt Throne?
Cæſar, upon your Triumphs ſet leſs rate,
Effects produc'd by my Diſaſtrous fate,
Ruine my Portion to both Husbands paid,
Theirs, and the whole Worlds Fortune has out-weigh'd;
'Tis I, that with my Nuptial Knot ill ty'd,
Twice made the Gods forſake the Juſter ſide.
O that on *Cæſar* I had been beſtow'd,
That *Rome* to my Misfortune might have ow'd
Her freedome, and thy Family the bane
Of blaſting Stars led thither as my Train;
Think not to change my Hate, a Heart like mine
Though force may Captivate, can ne're incline
Baſely to ſue, what e're your Order Threats,
Cornelia neither Trembles, nor Intreats.

Cæſar. O worthy half of an Illuſtrious mate,
Your Courage we admire, and mourn your Fate,
From whence you Sprung, this great Heart amply proves,
And your Juſt Title to ſuch Worthy Loves;
Young *Craſſus*, *Pompey*'s Virtues, whoſe reward
Fate could not pay, *Scipio*'s great Soul, the Guard
Of our Diſtreſs'd and Threatned Deities
Speak with your Voice, and Sparkle in your Eyes;
No Dame ſo highly Married, and ſo Born,
Does *Rome* the Miſtreſs of the World Adorn;
Would *Jove* and all the Gods your *Scipio* ſav'd
From Punick Rage, had heard but what I crav'd,
That in your *Hero*'s Breſt no miſ-conceit
Of my Deſign had made him thus retreat
To Barbarous Courts, on us he had rely'd,
And ſtop't his Flight to hear me Juſtified,
Then had I Triumph'd with a happier Doom
Over Miſtakes and Strife, not Him, and *Rome*,
And he his Loſſes recompenc'd might prove
In the full Treaſure of his Rivals Love:

To Live his Equal, and to Dye his Friend,
Of my Contention was the only End,
His Mind once setled in a quiet state,
His Pardon I had got for partial Fate;
And with it gain'd *Romes* Alienated heart,
When she had known I had in his a part.

Cornel. *Cæsar*, great Promises are safely made,
Where the performance is but to a Shade,
The way's too Common, and we easily find
Men to the Ashes of their Rivals kind;
Be still your self, for we receive your Hate
With better Welcome, than a Love so Late.

Cæsar. Yet, Madam, since with him these Hopes must Dye,
And Envious Fates so great a Joy deny,
To what is left of him, that is, to You,
Cæsar shall render what to Both is due.
Be Mistriss of your Self, I only pray
The favour from you of a Two Days stay,
To be a Witness after all your Hate,
How I Resent his Loss, Revenge his Fate,
That so the World for all the late Spilt flood,
May know the Price I set on *Roman* Blood.
Madam, I leave you for a Moment, see
Good *Lepidus*, that her Attendance be
As *Roman* Ladies ought, That is, above
Whats paid to greatest Queens, let all things move
At her Command.

Cornel. O Cruelty of Fate!
That I such Virtue should be fort't to Hate.

Exeunt.

Act Fourth, Scene First.

Ptolomey, Achillas, Photinus.

Ptolom. BEyond belief is the ſad News you tell,
By the ſame Hand and Sword that *Pompey* fell,
Septimius ſlain? *Achillas*, wert thou there,
Saw'ſt thou the ſad Effect of his Deſpair?
Achil. I ſaw him Dye, and with his lateſt Breath
Seem to adviſe us in the Pangs of Death
To Judge of *Cæſars* ſlow adviſed Rage;
Wrath ſoon Inflam'd as quickly may Aſſwage,
But ſtudy'd Anger and deliberate Hate,
Grows up with Time and carries certain fate:
Nor muſt we hope his Fury will decline,
He calls it (Juſt Revenge) 'tis meer Deſign.
With *Pompey*'s Ghoſt, a League he would Contract,
And Puniſhing that much Repented Act,
Strives to obtain, (for *Cæſar* Graſps at all)
Empire and Glory by his Rivals fall.
Ptolom. Ah! had thy good Advice Belief obtain'd,
Without a Maſter *Ptolomey* had Reign'd,
But Kings ſtill chuſe (Govern'd by ſome ill Fate)
The worſt Advice after a Long debate;
Deſtiny blinds them, or if any Light
Seem to inform, it but deceives their Sight,
And with deluſive Glimmerings leads them on,
Till they have Reach'd their own Deſtruction.
Photin. I was deceiv'd in *Cæſar* all this while,
For he his Rivals Death doth Murder ſtyle;
But ſince th' ungratefull Tyrant can Defame
So a Great a Service with ſo Foul a Name,
By the ſame Hand let his own Blood be ſpilt,
And we in that will waſh our former Guilt.

Now

Now I prescribe no Bounds to your Swoln heart,
Nor would deferr Revenge till he depart,
This sharp Disease must have a Sudden Cure,
Let us no more his Insolence indure;
By *Cæsar*'s Death wee'l *Pompey*'s Ghost appease,
Secure our Selves, and give the whole World ease,
When *Rome* her Self shall call him Tyrant too,
And owe her Peace, and Liberty to you.
Ptolom. Photinus, now thy Reasons must perswade.
Shall I descend to be of him Affraid,
VVhom I have Rais'd and made thus to be Fear'd?
No, no, my Vengeance shall not be Deferr'd,
That in one day *Ægypt* may twice become
The great Disposer of the Fates of *Rome*;
Cæsar forget thy Pride for Battel's won,
And only think of what my Power has done;
For *Pompey* fell beneath the Fatal stroke,
Pompey, who once thy Envy could provoke,
And therefore was as Great, the VVorld shall see,
That thou art Mortal too as well as he:
To the Dead *Hero* thou art grown so kind,
'Twere Cruelty to keep thee here behind.
Achil. Sir, to our Selves it were: at once his fall
Gives full Revenge and Safety to us all;
Revenge and Safety dear to all Mankind,
And in his Death their Interests are Joyn'd.
Ptolom. Nor shalt thou *Cæsar* of thy Justice boast,
I must appease both *Romes* and *Pompey*'s Ghost,
And of thy Insolence Revenge will take,
VVho spar'st a King but for his Sisters sake;
Nor shall my Fortunes still in Danger lye,
Both of her Hate and thy Inconstancy,
That when you please, those Toyes my Life and Crown,
Reward a Smile, or Punishes a Frown.
No, my Respects and Fears are laid aside,
Thou shalt not long enjoy thy cruel Pride,
And since thou didst Command me to prepare
Victims for *Pompey* with advice and care,

I have Obey'd thee Tyrant, and I ſee
There is no fitter Sacrifice than thee,
Whoſe Blood might ſooner on the Altar ſpilt,
Appeaſe his Ghoſt or Expiate our Guilt;
But 'tis in Vain my Friends with Angry words
To threaten *Cæſar*; we muſt know what Swords
We can Employ to Exectue our Will,
The Tyrants Army are our Maſters ſtill:
Let us conſult, and ſuddenly adviſe,
How to Deſtroy 'em by a cloſe Surprize.

Achil. Sir, Let us firſt ſecure our own Defence;
You have ſix Thouſand men ſome two Miles hence,
Which I from ſeveral Quarters have drawn down
For fear of Stirs in this Tumultuous Town;
With all their Care the *Romans* have not found
A ſecret Sally we have under Ground,
Through which by Night unknown to *Cæſars* Guard,
We may Conduct them to the Palace Yard;
For ſhould we now the *Roman* Hoſt invade,
With Trumpets Sounding, Enſigns wide Diſplay'd,
Head-long we might to Death and Danger run,
And vainly periſh e're our Work were done.
No, at the Feaſt let him receive his Doom,
Doubly before with Love and Wine o'recome;
Then if we can but Muſter all our Powers,
I'm Conſident the Towns-men will be ours;
For I perceive the Tyrant does Incenſe
Their Angers by his Pomp and Inſolence,
And when they ſaw his Veſſels under Sail,
Proudly inforce our fearfull Fleet to Vail,
They ſcarcely could thoſe Sparks of Anger tame,
Which we will quickly Blow into a Flame:
But above all the Valiant *Roman* Band,
Whom Dead *Septimius* lately did Command,
By all the Gods and Powers above have Sworn,
To be Reveng'd of *Cæſar*'s Bloody ſcorn.

Ptolom. But how to fix our Weapons in his Breaſt,
If all his Guard ſurround him at the Feaſt?

Photin. Great Sir, the *Roman* Souldiers in your Pay,
Amongst the Servants of *Cornelia*
Have met with Friends and Kinsmen, who may be
Fit Actors all in this Great Tragedy;
These we shall soon perswade to undertake
Their Tyrants Slaughter for their Masters sake;
They as *Cornelia*'s Train have free access,
Which may assure us of a good Success,
So that whilst *Cæsar* flatters *Pompey*'s Wife,
He would secure, but shall expose his Life.
But *Cleopatra* comes, smooth your Rough Brow;
And wisely seem with Servil fear to bow;
We must begon being Objects of her Hate.
Ptolom. Go, and expect me, I'le be with you straight.

Scene the Second.

Ptolomey, Cleopatra, Charmion.

Cleop. BRother, with *Cæsar* I have done my best
To make your Peace, and Calm his Angry breast.
Ptolom. 'Twas nobly done, I could have hop'd no more,
Though I had us'd you like your Self before;
But your brave Lover Sister left you soon.
Cleop. Some little Tumult raised in the Town;
Lest that their Rage and Numbers should encrease
He would himself secure the publique Peace,
And I was glad that I had time to tell
This happy News, since none can do't so well;
I saw great *Cæsars* brow without a frown,
You need not fear your Person nor your Crown,
Cæsar so much your Friend, that for your sake
He's mov'd to Pity, the advice you take
Of such base Counsel, who in every thing
Will make ye more a Tyrant than a King,
These men Composed of the Courcest Earth,
Whose Souls are baser than their Obscure Birth,

You

You give 'em power, and set 'em up to Reign,
Cloath 'em with Purple, but 'tis all in Vain,
Their Native Baseness is a foul Disease
Which none can Cure, and such Men as these
Faintly let fall, when Rais'd to high Commands,
The Weighty Scepters from their Trembling hands.

Ptolom. Sister, 'tis true, and now I find too late,
How ill I chose my Ministers of State;
Had I left them, and been Advis'd by you,
I 'd Liv'd with Glory as my Equals do,
And had deserv'd the Kindness which you still
Retain for me, though I have usd you Ill;
My Palace then had been the Happy place,
VVhere *Cæsar* might his Conquer'd Son Imbrace,
And when the World had found all Troubles cease,
She 'd been oblig'd to *Ægypt* for her Peace;
I as a Friend to both, had by the Laws
Of *Ægypt* Judg'd of the great *Roman* Cause;
But since what's past can now find no redress,
To you I freely may my Griefs express,
I us'd you Ill, and your Revenge was shewn
In the preserving both my Life and Crown:
Subdue your Self still in this Noble strife,
And save *Photinus* and *Achillas* Life,
They merit Death since they Offended you,
But then my Reputation suffers too;
If for my Crimes these VVorthless VVretches Dye,
I shall Live Heir to all their Infamy;
Oblige me, Sister, let your Eyes bright Charms
Melt the Stern man like Lightning through his Arms,
That I to you may Owe with gratefull shame,
My Life, my Kingdome, and what's more, my Fame.

Cleop. VVere it in me to Punish or Forgive,
My Scorn is great enough to let them Live,
But to solicit *Cæsar* 'twill be Vain,
Since by their Hands *Pompey* was basely Slain;
His Blood with *Cæsar*'s Justice will oppose
This strange Desire of mine to save my Foes;

Once for your Sake I did their Pardons crave,
He the Diſcourſe to ſomething elſe did VVave,
And ſuch a Kind of careleſs Cunning us'd,
My Prayer was neither Suffer'd nor Refus'd;
But now at your Requeſt I'le fully prove,
VVhat Intereſt I have in *Cæſar*'s Love,
And I dare Hope ----------

Ptolom. ----- --- He comes, let me begone,
You'l have more Power when you are alone,
My preſence might another Paſſion move,
I'le wholly leave him to your Self and Love.

Exeunt.

Scene the Third.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Achoreus, Romans.

Cæſar. MY Queen, this Storm is laid without much harm,
A ſmall Commotion gave a great Alarm;
But when I left you I began to find
A greater Tumult in my Troubled mind.
Love, my moſt powerfull Paſſion made me hate
Succeſs and Greatneſs, Curſe the Cruel fate
That rais'd me, ſince thus great I cannot ſpare
My ſelf one hour of Joy, but ſome new Care
Still calls me from you, yet I ſtraight again
Am reconcil'd to Fortune, and reſtrain
My Cauſeleſs paſſion, nay, adore my Bays,
Since they my Hopes as well as Perſon raiſe
To that Auſpicious height from whence I ſee,
So fair a Proſpect of Felicity,
That I dare hope Requital of my Flame,
Though my Ambitious Love make you his Aim.
You now may *Cæſar* with like Ardour meet,
Kings caſt their Crowns and Scepters at my feet;

But

But if the World a Monarch yet contains,
Who more deserves the Glory of your Chains,
On whose high Throne you might with greater State,
Give Laws to Nations, and Dispose of Fate,
By force of Arms I would my Title prove,
His Rival less for Empire than for Love,
Nor should I hope you would my Flames allow,
Till I had made so great a Rival bow;
These were the Ambitious hopes which have thus farr
Engag'd your *Cæsar* in a Civil Warr,
And that I might this glorious Right maintain,
I Conquer'd *Pompey* on *Pharsalia*'s Plain;
Where e're I Fought, your Beauty did afford
Strength to my Arm, and Sharpness to my Sword,
And all the fair Success I had in Arms,
Were the Effects of your Bright Beauties Charms,
Which in my Breast did first this Passion move,
And now has Rais'd me Equal to your Love,
Since I without a Rival am become
Master of all the World and Head of *Rome*;
These are the Titles that my Valour gave,
Which love innobles by the name of Slave,
And I am more than Blest if you approve,
And perfect the Success of humble Love.

Cleop. These Honours are too great, I needs must know
What *Cleopatra* does to *Cæsar* owe,
And should I nicely still conceal my Flame,
I must my Love and Reason too Disclaim;
Your high Affections did my Child-hood grace,
When Beauty only Budded in my Face,
Then first you gave, and since restor'd my Crown,
After all this I must a Passion own,
And that my Heart no longer can exclude,
The force of Love and that of Gratitude;
But yet alas my glorious Birth and Fate,
The Restoration of my Crown and State,
And all the Honours I from you enjoy,
My better Hopes and my Desires Destroy,

If

If *Rome* be ſtill the ſame, my Lofty Throne
Inſtead of Raiſing, caſts me lower down,
And marks of Regal power, like Brands of ſhame,
Render me more Unworthy of your Flame.
Yet I dare hope, ſince I your Power know,
And what the Gods to ſo much Virtue owe,
That I by you this haughty *Rome* ſhall ſee,
Bound in the Golden Chains of Monarchy;
Then ſhe ſhall ſoon forget the Cruel hate,
She always bore to Kings, while yet a State,
Growing Enamour'd of your Scepters awe,
Whilſt your Examples ſerve her for a Law;
She ſhall from you far Nobler Maxims take,
And Love all Princes for her *Cæſar*'s ſake.
How well may I expect this Change of *Rome*,
From him that could great *Pompey* overcome?
Your Power I know can greater Wonders do,
And I implore no other God but you.

Cæſar. When Love bids *Cæſar* uſe his utmoſt Force,
Wonders grow eaſie, and ne're ſtop my Courſe;
My Enſigns ſtain'd with Gore ſhould I diſplay,
I in a March might Conquer *Africa*,
And the Remains of my Deſpiſed Foes,
Would to my Arms, their Flying Backs oppoſe,
Then wanting Power, this proud, this haughty *Rome*,
Should *Cæſars* ſervil Flatterer become;
At my return ſhe ſhall our Triumph meet,
And caſt her Pride and Hatred at your feet,
And whilſt I here perſue my glorious Fate,
She ſhall e're long become my Advocate,
And with all humble Duty beg a Race
Of glorious *Cæſars* from your Chaſte imbrace.
This Fruit I hope from my Victorious Bays,
Rather than large Dominion or high Praiſe;
But e're I reach this height of Happineſs,
I muſt forſake all that I now poſſeſs.
Oh that my Foes were Men ſo void of Fear,
That they durſt come and bid me Battel here;

Now

Now at too dear a Rate I Conquest buy,
Since I lose you to gain a Victory;
But this my Fondness Love will disallow,
To gain you ever I must leave you now;
Where e're they fly I thither must remove,
To perfect Conquest and deserve your Love:
But e're I go from those all Conquering Eyes,
Let me receive the Soul of Victories,
That all my Foes may cry struck with pale Dread,
He comes, he sees, and we are Conquered.

Cleop. Too much great Sir, I must such Love abuse,
Which makes me Sin, and will my Fault excuse;
You gave me Freedome, Life, and Scepter too,
Which gives me Confidence to Trouble you;
And I Conjure you by Loves powerfull Charms,
By the Succes which still attends your Arms,
By your fair Hopes and mine, by all thats good,
You would not Die my Royal Robes in Blood:
Be gracious Sir, and pardon, or let me,
As my first Act of Soveraignty;
Photin and *Achillas* we should Disdain,
And they are Punish'd now they see me Reign,
And this their Crime ---------

Cæsar. ---------- Ah take some other way,
To shew your Power, how soon should I obey?
But this my Queen is more than Tyranny,
To lay their Baseness and their Crimes on me.
Some Worthier Subjects to your Mercy take,
And think what's done already for your Sake,
That with the King himself I dare dispence,
Were not my Flames------

Scene

Scene the Fourth,

Cæsar, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Achoreus, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion and Romans.

Cornel. CÆsar, make some Defence,
They have Design'd thy Death, and that thy Blood
With *Pompey*'s Gore should make one Purple flood.
If not prevented, this their close Compact,
The Bloody Villains straight will put in Act.
My Slaves are in, from them by Tortures try
To know the Depth of this Conspiracy,
For I Disclaim them.

Cæsar. These are Resentments of a *Roman* heart,
Worthy the man of whom you were a part,
His Manes sure, who saw that this my Care
Of his Revenge did my own Death prepare,
Have so forgot our Quarrel and all Hate,
They 're now the Guardian Angels of my Fate,
And in a Gratefull and far Nobler strife,
By you his Living part have sav'd my Life.
In spight of all that Treachery could do,
Pompey's not Dead, he still Survives in you;
His noble Soul did in your Breast make stay,
To Vanquish *Cæsar* this most Generous way.

Cornel. Thou art become thine own base Flatterer.
Canst thou believe that I will ought preferr
To my Revenge? no, the deplored Fate
Of my Dead Lord, so just a cause of Hate,
Shall ever be of Force to Disallow
All terms of Reconcilement 'twixt us two.
My promis'd Liberty, let me enjoy,
That I that freedome wholly may employ

For

To thy Deſtruction, for where e're I go
Each man I meet I'le ſtrive to make thy Foe,
And in the Quarrel of my Murder'd Lord,
Engage the World, if thou dar'ſt keep thy word;
I will purſue thee with a Changeleſs hate,
Yet here prevent thy baſe Aſſaſſinate;
For my Deſires on Juſter grounds are Built,
Than to obtain them by ſo foul a Guilt.

Cæſar. Madam, but that your Self my Death prevent,
You 'd been at once Reveng'd and Innocent.

Cornel. Who knows and ſuffers it, does Guilty grow;
I wiſh thy Death, but as a noble Foe,
That none but *Pompey*'s Sons their Hands ſhould ſtain,
In the high Blood of *Cæſar* nobly Slain;
Who Arm'd with brave Revenge, ſhall at the Head
Of all thy Dreadfull Legions ſtrike thee Dead,
And to my *Hero*'s Ghoſt a Victim make,
Whoſe juſt Revenge you Nobly undertake.
T' obtain an intire Vengeance I'le ingage
All th' Active powers of Wit inſpir'd by Rage;
Thy Life is Threatn'd, I am thy Defence,
My Hate is full of Care and Providence:
For now I need not in ſome forein Coaſt
Go ſeek Revenge, which ſo deferr'd were loſt,
Nor for *Joves* Thunder travel *Africks* Sands,
I ſee it Graſpt already in thy Hands;
No Mortal power can the Stroak prevent,
On thee I might have turn'd the Puniſhment,
But that my Reaſon forc'd me to preferr
My *Pompey*'s Victor to his Murderer.
Nor am I ſo with Rage and Paſſion blind,
But that my Honour too engag'd I find,
To puniſh the Audacious Treachery
Of their baſe Crimes, before thy Victory.
Great *Rome* will have it ſo, who elſe would ſpread
Her ſacred Fore-head with a bluſhing Red,
That both her Nobleſt Heads at once ſhould feel,
Though Crown'd with Laurel, an unworthy Steel;

And her great Heart which thou believ'ſt (in vain)
So ſhrunk as for to ſuffer thee to Reign,
Would count thy Murderers more her Enemies,
And her Adored Liberty deſpiſe:
None but a *Roman* could impoſe the Yoak,
Which by a *Roman* only muſt be broke;
Thy Ruine here, Heav'ns Juſtice would prevent,
And be a Crime inſtead of Puniſhment,
Defrauding my Juſt Vengeance, and Mankind,
Of that Example thou ſhould'ſt leave behind.
Do thou Revenge great *Rome* of *Ægypts* crime,
And I'le revenge Her if I can of thine;
But now make haſte to ſave thy Threaten'd Life,
And boaſt thou wert preſerv'd by *Pompey*'s Wife.

Exeunt.

Scene the Fifth.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus, Charmion.

Cæſar. HEr noble Rage and their bold Crime alike
My Soul with Wonder and Amazement ſtrike.
Are theſe the Men great Queen you'd have me ſave?
Cleop. Your gracious pardon for my Self I crave,
Your Juſtice I no longer will prevent,
Go Sir, and give them their due Puniſhment.
Theſe Traitors moſt of all My Death deſire,
Againſt my Crown and Perſon they conſpire,
You being my Support, they but deſign
Your Death and Ruine to make way to mine.
Juſt were my Anger, yet I muſt with grief
Remember that their Leader and their Chief
Is ſtill my Brother, may I hope again
To tempt your Pity and this Sute obtain,

That

That when juſt Rage inflames your noble Breaſt,
You would Diſtinguiſh Him from all the reſt?
Cæſar. I will, and muſt preſerve him, for this Arm,
Where you would ſave, can have no power to harm,
Deſpiſe all fear, theſe baſe Aſſaſſinates
Can ne're Subvert or Change our glorious Fates;
Expoſing but a Gibbet to their ſight,
A Band of Hangmen puts them all to flight,
Who ſhall, to work upon their Guilty fear,
My Rods and Axes for their Enſigns bear.

[*Exit* Cæſar *and* Romans.

Cleop. Good *Achoreus*, where ſo e're he goes,
Be ſtill with *Cæſar*, aid him 'gainſt my Foes,
And when their Blood imbrues his angry Blade,
Urge thou the promiſe he ſo lately made;
Be carefull of the King, avert my Fears,
And ſpare his Blood that I may ſpare my Tears.
Acho. Madam, if all my Diligence and Care
Can ſave his Life, you have no cauſe to fear.

Exeunt omnes.

Act Fifth, Scene Firſt.

Cornelia, Philip.

Cornel. AM I awake, or does ſome Dream obtrude
Theſe borrow'd Shapes my Fancy to delude?
Eyes may I truſt you? do I *Philip* ſee,
Or my Fond wiſhes make me think 'tis he?
To my Dead Lord, are his laſt Honours paid,
And in this Urn his Noble Aſhes laid?
Sad, but dear Object, though thou haſt poſſeſt
With reſtleſs Paſſions my afflicted Breaſt,

Expect no Tears, (our feebler Sexes arms)
My Cares have no Divertion by those Charms,
They whose weak Grief has leisure to Complain,
May hope that way t' Extenuate their pain;
But all the Gods to witness here I call,
These Ashes too, which are above them all.
With me, 'tis just, this Heart they rule alone,
To which such Tyrants all the rest are grown.
By you then Sacred Reliques here I Vow
(The Highest powers I acknowledge now)
To let no Time, nor other Mean abate
My just Revenge, and too well grounded Hate;
Thy *Pompey*, *Rome*, by *Ægypts* King betraid,
To *Cæsar* here a Sacrifice was made,
And I thy Walls will never see again,
Till Priest and God be on his Altar slain.
And you dear Ashes aid my just design,
Imprint it deep within this Breast of mine,
And in each Heart, of what I feel, inspire
The like at least, if not so great desire.
But tell me *Philip*, by what happy way
Could'st thou this Duty to thy Master pay?
To thy Assistance what good Angel came,
Helping to Light the Poor but Pious Flame?
Phil. Smeard with his Blood, less sensible than he,
And wanting Breath to curse their Cruelty;
Madam, at length I bent my Doubtfull course,
Where the Rough Winds the Waves on Shore did force,
Long did I search in Vain, at last hard by
A Bank of Sand, the loved Corps I spy;
Now it ee'n toucht the Shore, and now again
The wanton Billows threw it to the main,
Thus still he seem'd to be the sport of Fate,
Not freed by Death from Fortunes constant hate;
I staid no longer, but leapt in and bore
The sacred Reliques in my Arms a Shore;
Hard by some pieces of a Wrack there lay,
Such as chance only offer'd in my way,

With

With theſe a Funeral pile I rudely dreſs,
The time and place might have afforded leſs,
And now the Body ſcarce had felt the Flame,
When to my pious Cares a Partner came;
Cordus a *Roman* from the Town does ſtray,
And the kind Heav'n guided his ſteps that way;
The Headleſs Trunk when once he did but view,
By the ſad marks he ſtraight great *Pompey* knew;
His Eyes then full of Tears, O thou, he crys,
Whom Fate hath Deſtind to ſo high a Prize,
Inſtead of Puniſhment which thou mayſt fear,
Honour attends thee, and Reward is near;
Cæſar arriv'd does to the World proclame,
Himſelf Revenger of that ſacred Name,
To which in ſilence thou doſt here direct,
The mournfull Tribute of thy laſt reſpect;
Cornelia too forc't to this fatal Land,
Thou maiſt preſent theſe Aſhes to her Hand,
With Reverence ſuch, the Victor does her treat,
None but the Gods can claim reſpect ſo great.
This ſaid, he runs while ſtill the Corps does burn
Back to the Town, and with him brought this Urn,
Where of your *Hero* now inclos'd doth lie
All that was Mortal, or knew how to Dye.
Cornel. Such Piety, what e're my Fortune be,
The Gods can never Unrewarded ſee.
Phil. Scarce had I entred, when i'th' Crowded ſtreet
An Armed Rout I in diſorder meet
Haſting unto the Gate, at which their King
Expected was ſome Greater ſtrength to bring;
Each thinks, though ſafe, the *Roman* Sword he feels,
And makes no ſtep, but *Cæſar*'s at his Heels,
He Reeking in their Blood, was in a round
Of Armed Troops, and with his Legions Crown'd,
I'th' midſt, *Photinus* by his Sentence ſtands,
Yielding his hated Head to th' Hangmans hands,
As ſoon as in his ſight I did appear,
He knew me ſtraight, and bid me to draw near,

My

My Maſters Aſhes from my Arms he took,
And to his Liſtning Audience thus ſpoke,
Ye Reliques of a *Hero*, whoſe great Fame
I ſcarce can Equal with a Conquerours name,
See how the Traitor does to Juſtice pay
Life, which from you his Treachery took away,
Receive this Sacrifice, and then expect
The Altars we e're long to you erect,
Where greater Victims ſhall be offer'd. Friend
Thee to *Cornelia* with this Gift I ſend,
To her griev'd Heart carry this weak allay,
While to her full Revenge I make my way.
He left me with a Sigh, and having firſt
Kiſſed the Urn, bequeath'd it to my truſt.
Cornel. Alas, 'tis no intolerable pain
They feel, who for a Rivals loſs complain;
Well may he ſpend a Sigh upon this Urn,
Whoſe reſtleſs fears to ſofter pity turn;
Well may he run to his Revenge with haſte,
When his own Danger ſpurrs him on as faſt,
Since the Concern he puts on for our Fate,
Both gains him Glory, and ſecures his State:
But *Cæſar*'s Noble, nor will I ſuſpect
What Grief and Envy juſtly might Object.
His Rivals Death has ended all their ſtrife,
And this falſe King conſpires againſt his Life;
His peril Arms him now, and all that's done
On Honours ſcore muſt not Confus'dly run;
Love too's ingag'd, and *Cleopatra* draws
The Sword that ſeems to favour *Pompeys* cauſe;
So many Intereſts in this Action joyn,
I need not think, that he conſiders mine;
Yet I'le perſwade my Self he Fights for me,
Becauſe I'de do no leſs, if I were he,
For noble Minds muſt on themſelves reflect,
Their gueſs at others Meaning to direct.

Scene

Scene the Second.

Cleopatra, Cornelia, Philip, Charmion.

Cleop. I Come not here, to interrupt the Courſe
Of thoſe juſt Tears your powerfull Griefs inforce;
Madam, I can no more than you neglect
What this Urn juſtly may from me expect;
Your *Hero*'s Reliques by a pious hand
Reſtor'd, this duty too from me Command;
Be pleas'd t' admit to theſe his Funeral Rites
A fellow Mourner whom true Grief invites,
And had my Power been equal to my Will,
This bewail'd *Hero* had been Living ſtill,
I had preſerv'd the Owner of your Heart,
If cruel Heav'n had let me play my part;
Yet if the ſight of what it now does ſend
Could for a while your Sadder thoughts ſuſpend,
If by Revenge your Sorrows might decreaſe,
I bring you News that cannot fail to pleaſe,
If yet you know it not, *Photinus*'s Head.

Cornel. Yes, Princeſs, I have heard the Traitor's Dead.

Cleop. His haſtned Suffering makes the more amends.

Cornel. Perhaps to you, who in that meet your ends.

Cleop. Wiſh't for Succeſs to all muſt pleaſant be.

Cornel. Where Intereſts differ how can Thoughts agree?
If falſe *Achillas* the ſame Courſe ſhould run,
Your Vengeance ends when mine is ſcarce begun.
I Bluſh to think that to my *Hero*'s Shade,
So poor a Sacrifice as that is made;
No, if in order my Revenge ſucceed,
Till *Cæſar*'s turn, your *Ptolomey* muſt bleed.
I know that *Cæſar* by your Love inclin'd,
To ſave him though unworthy has deſign'd,
But the juſt Gods will make his Labour vain,
For one deſerving neither Life, nor Reign,

And

And to my Prayers perhaps this grace afford,
That both may periſh by each others Sword;
Then joy once more might be a welcome Gueſt,
VVhich elſe for ever is forbid this Breaſt;
But if my Bolder wiſhes fly too high,
May your King bleed, if only one muſt Dye.

Cleop. The Gods not always give what we expect.

Cornel. Yet by the Cauſe we hope for the Effect,
And ſeldome 'tis the Guilty miſs their due.

Cleop. Though Gods have Juſtice, they have Mercy too.

Cornel. Yet by the Courſe they have begun to Chuſe,
'Tis not their Clemency they mean to uſe.

Cleop. Though Angry once, they often Milder grow.

Cornel. Our wiſhes only our Concernment ſhow.
An injur'd VViddow may have other Thoughts,
Than a kind Siſter for a Brothers faults;
But when 'tis known what Blood is ſpilt, you'l ſee
VVhoſe Prayers are Juſter, and with Heav'n agree.
Here comes *Achoreus*.

Scene the Third.

Cornelia, Cleopatra, Philip, Charmion, & Achoreus.

Cleop. ALas, in's Looks I ſee
Th' unlucky marks of ſome ill Angury;
Speak good *Achoreus*, but without diſguiſe,
Baniſh my Fears, or elſe my Joy ſurprize.

Acho. VVhen *Cæſar* firſt the Horrid Treaſon knew---

Cleop. Ah! 'tis not that which I expect from you;
I know he Barricadoed up the Vault,
Through which they hop't to have their Succours brought,
There 'gainſt *Photinus* all his Force he drew,
VVho found the Recompence to Treaſon due.

Achillas

Achillas warn'd by his Companions fate,
Escapes with ease at the abandon'd Gate;
Him the King follows, whilst *Antonius* Lands,
To joyn with *Cæsar* all the *Roman* Bands;
I doubt not but they 've Fought, and by this time
Achillas is Rewarded for his Crime.

Acho. Madam, Succes still waits on *Cæsar's* Sword.

Cleop. That's not the busines, has he kept his Word?
And is my Brother safe?

Acho. All he could do
He has perform'd.

Cleop. That's all I wish to know.
Madam, you see the Gods my Pray'rs have heard.

Cornel. The Punishment deserv'd, is but Deferr'd.

Cleop. That now he's Sav'd, declares Heav'n is appeas'd.

Acho. At least he had been, if himself had pleas'd.

Cleop. Thy doubtfull Words still hold me in suspence;
Explane at last their ill Agreeing Sense.

Acho. Neither your Vows, nor *Cæsars*, and your Care,
Were Arms enough against his High despair;
Madam, he's Dead, yet all those Glories wait
Upon him that can Crown a Princes fate,
Nearer his fall his Virtue more revives,
Changing his Own for many *Roman* Lives;
To his brave Charge *Antonius* 'gan to yield,
And our disordered Troops scarce kept the Field,
When *Cæsar* comes, whose presence never fails
Of doubtfull Chance to turn the Tottering Scales;
There at his Masters feet *Achillas* fell
The Traitor ne're deserv'd to Dye so well,
Ah! too weak Providence, which cannot free
The Bed of Honour from Adultery,
Cæsar crys out aloud to save the King,
Words which instead of Comfort Terrour bring;
For he suspects that from Design they came,
To keep him for a Scaffolds publique shame,
His swelling Heart with this mistake abus'd,
Seeks for that Death, which every where's refus'd:

Our Ranks he peirces through and through, and shows
What Valour can, when to Despair it grows;
His Bravest men lay Breathless on the ground,
And he himself was now Incompass'd round;
Wearied at length, and out of Breath, he spies
A Vessel near the Shore and thither flies,
After their King the People press so fast,
The Bark o'recharged perishes at last;
Dying in Arms new Glory he receives,
To you a Crown, to *Cæsar* Conquest leaves,
Who on the place Proclames you *Ægyts* Queen;
Yet in his Face strange marks of Grief are seen,
He mourns his Fall, though none of his did touch
The Life wherein you are concern'd so much:
But here he comes, who better can relate
His Sense of that Unhappy Princes Fate.

Scene the Fourth.

Cæsar, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Achoreus, &c.

Cornel. CÆsar my Voyage now no more Retard,
The Traitors have receiv'd their full Reward,
Their King against thy Will has suffer'd too,
And my Revenge has nothing here to do;
This barbarous Shore let me no longer View,
Where every Object does my Grief renew,
And with fresh Horrour to my Fancy shows,
The Tragick Scene of my unequall'd Woes;
The Rabble Court thee with their Servile noise,
And thy new Triumph all their Throats imploys,
But what I suffer worse than all the rest,
I am Oblig'd by him, I most Detest;
From this Affront 'tis time to set me free,
And let my Hatred act with Liberty;
Only one favour I may still receive,
And that is all which Honour gives me leave,

That

That *Pompey*'s Head you will to me return,
To add to what Expects it in this Urn.
Cæsar. 'Tis fit I should the Head to you restore,
Since you may Claim it on so just a score;
But first let's all the Sacred Rites attend,
Which peacefull Ghosts unto *Elizium* send;
A stately Pile your Hand and mine shall Light,
Which may the Meanness of the first requite,
And in an Urn more fit for their repose;
The Ashes thus United wee'l inclose,
So shall his quiet Spirit rest in peace,
And by our Pious cares all Passion cease.
This Hand which once my Sword against him Drew,
Shall Build the Altars to his Virtue due,
On which as to the Gods wee'l Incense pay,
And Honours he deserves as well as they;
Let us both this from your Impatience gain,
And for those Duties one Day more obtain,
That done, y' are free, go when you please away,
And this your Treasure to great *Rome* Convey.
Cornel. No *Cæsar*, though I know these Ashes be
As dear to *Rome*, as they are dear to me,
'Tis only thy Defeat can bring us home,
Without that Triumph we will ne're see *Rome*;
Over thy Grave our Passage thither lies,
We have no Country, untill *Cæsar* Dyes,
I am for *Africk*, where the Warr's begun,
By *Cato*, *Scipio*, and my *Pompey*'s Son;
To these King *Juba* has his Forces sent,
And Fortune her Injustice may repent,
The Reliques of *Pharsalia* there you'l find,
Another World against your Arms combind;
My self will bring these Ashes to the Field,
And my just Tears shall their Assistance yield,
From Rank to Rank thus Arm'd about I'le go,
And every step shall haste thy Overthrow;
The Souldiers then may lay their Eagles by,
This Urn shall lead them on to Victory,

This mournfull Object ſhall their Courage wake,
And in their Souls a deep Impreſſion make,
To give him his laſt Honours you pretend,
Honours indeed which on your Self deſcend,
I muſt Aſſiſt, the Victor I obey,
But never hope to move my Heart this way.
My Helpleſs loſs admits of no relief,
My Hate muſt be as endleſs as my Grief,
That and my Life an Equal courſe ſhall run,
And end Perſuing what I have Begun,

Cæſar. Nature her Ignorance has here confeſt,
To place this Spirit in a Womans Breaſt.

Cornel. Yet as a *Roman* I muſt needs confeſs,
My Hate prevails not to Eſteem thee leſs,
At once I Praiſe thee and thy Life perſue,
That to thy Virtue, this my Honour due,
Once ſet at Liberty, I'le uſe my Art,
T' engage both Men and Gods to take my part,
Thoſe Gods who when our Cauſe was lately cryd,
So Partial ſeem'd againſt the Juſter ſide,
Thoſe Gods that let their Thunder idle lye,
When they ſaw *Pompey* for his Country Dye,
In time we hope their Errour they may ſee,
And to the World repair that Injury;
But though they never mend the Fault they made,
I have a Zeal which does not want their Aid,
And to Deſtroy thee, if no means prevail,
Here's *Cleopatra* that can never fail.
I ſee your Flames, and know her Beauties force,
That you already think of a Divorce,
Your Country's Laws under your Feet you'l tread,
To make your way to an *Ægyptians* Bed,
Then the free *Romans* ſhall attempt your Life,
Without all Scruple, when a Queen's your Wife.
In your neglected Friends, you'l hope in vain,
Who in your Blood will waſh their Countrys ſtain.
Keeping your word, Farewell, for in my ſtay
Your Love and Ruine find the ſame Delay.

[*Exit.*

Scene

Scene the Fifth.

Cleopatra, Cæsar, & Achoreus, &c.

RAther than *Cæsar*'s Life expos'd shall be
Unto these Dangers for the Love of me,
I'le Sacrifice my Self to his repose,
And Bless that Death, from whence his Safety grows,
Sure in his Memory of a better Life,
Though too Unworthy to have Liv'd his Wife.
Cæsar. Madam, when only Vain designs are left,
To such high Spirits of all means bereft,
Nothing their Weakness does so well express,
As Aiming high because they can do less;
Kind Heav'n will make these ill Presages vain,
And my unwonted Fortune mock their pain.
Ah! Could my Love as easie Conquest find
Over these Tears, and Calm your Troubled mind,
With such a Lover 'tis no small Disgrace,
The worst of Brothers should dispute the place.
You may have heard with what Unwearied care
I sought to save him from his last Despair,
My Clemency had so Beset him round,
No way t' avoid it, but his Death was found;
Perhaps h' had Conquer'd, could my Arms but know
Resistance such as to my Love you shew:
Success in Vain, why didst thou with me stay,
Since *Cleopatra* I could not Obey?
Not justly me, but Heav'n you must accuse,
Which to the Guilty pardon does refuge,
Their Cruelty to him Exalts your Fate,
Now the Sole Mistress of th' *Ægyptian* State.
Cleop. 'Tis true, his Death has plac'd me on the Throne,
And that by no Miscarriage of my own.
While among Mortals here, my Lord, we stay,
Some Cloud will still O'recast our brightest Day.

Be not offended though it ſtrange appears,
I muſt receive the Conquerour with Tears;
His Fate was juſt my Reaſon does perſwade,
Yet Nature too muſt be as well Obey'd;
A ſecret Murmur in my Soul does riſe,
If on his empty Throne I caſt my Eyes,
T' aſcend it then what pleaſure can I take,
When my Blood checks me at each ſtep I make?

Acho. My Lord, at Gate th' impatient people ſtand,
And with loud Crys to ſee their Queen demand,
Accuſing thoſe as Authors of their Wrong,
Who ſuch a Bleſſing do Retard ſo long.

Cæſar. Madam, let's go, and with the ſame ſucceſs
Begin your Empire and their Happineſs,
And now I hope amidſt their Loud applauſe,
Your Sighs will ceaſe Drown'd with that welcome Noiſe;
And let no Image in your Fancy reſt,
Of other Wounds than what are in my Breaſt;
Mean while a Noble ſtrife I ſee will Reign,
'Twixt your glad Court and my Ambitious train;
Contending who ſhall there appear moſt Gay,
And Glory moſt in this Triumphant Day,
Such juſt occaſion for them both are found,
Pompey Reveng'd, and *Cleopatra* Crown'd;
Theſe to your Throne, thoſe to his Altars bow,
And I to both Eternal Honours Vow.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE
AT THE
HOUSE.

I Know you Look for't, ſomething we muſt ſay,
Either to Praiſe or to Excuſe the Play;
Cuſtom will have it ſo, and we Obey.

It came from France, *where it had good Succeſs,*
Which makes us Hope well, though I muſt confeſs
The Mounſieur's *ſomething Alter'd in his Dreſs.*

That you may Cavil at, and we ſubmit;
But know you mighty Judges o' the Pit,
'Tis dangerous at this time to ſhew your Wit.

If by Condemning this you ſtir our Rage,
Wee'l thoſe, who but Tranſlaters were, engage
To bring their own Inventions on the Stage.

Tremble and be adviſ'd; but I was ſent
Ladies to you with a great Complement,
To ſay the Truth, I knew not what it meant,

And ſo forgot it, pardon want of care
With the ſame mercy as the Play you ſpare,
And though twice Kind you 're not ſo Kind as Fair.

Your Favours with ſome Juſtice we may claim,
The Lines are Chaſt and Spotleſs as your Fame.
Ah, let not modeſt Men ſtill bear the blame.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To the King at Saint *James*'s.

From Vulgar Wits that haunt the Theater,
Pompey *to you appealing* (*Royal Sir*).
Hopes for more Favour, as the Subject bears
Better proportion to a Princes Ears.
You in your long Retreat perhaps might find
Some Forein Courts made by this Story kind;
This great Example of false Ægypts fate,
Instructed Kings to set a higher Rate
Upon their Faith, and hold their Fame too dear,
To treat him Ill, for whom we Languish'd here.
They that Translated this, but practice now
To improve their Muse, and make her Worthy you,
That she hereafter may Adorn the Stage
With your own Story, make the coming Age
Admire the Firmness of a Mind so Young,
Tost in those Tempests you indur'd so long.
Confusion first and Horrour shall appear,
Such as Involv'd us, while you Absent were,
Then with a Change of Scene they shall behold
Your Throne Establish'd, and an Age of Gold;
Faith, Peace, and Piety, that banish'd Train,
Let down from Heav'n to make a Glorious Reign.
This they design (Great Sir) if you allow
A Gracious Smile to their Endeavours now.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To the Dutchess at Saint *James*'s.

POmpey *at length, like Ships by Tempests Tost,*
Though blown a while upon some other Coast,
Has overcome the Malice of the Wind,
And reach'd the Haven which he first design'd,
This Royal Audience, and such Virtue brought,
As Madam only in your Court is taught.
Cornelia *does not tear her tender Cheeks,*
Nor your more gentle Ears with borrow'd Shrieks:
But does lament with Passion, such as you
(Which Heaven avert) in the like Case would do.
Fair Cleopatra *does no Favour show,*
But what severest Virtue might allow:
And mighty Cæsar *does her Slave become,*
With as much Honour as he Conquer'd Rome,
When first unsheathing his Victorious Sword,
He seem'd the pattern of your Valiant Lord,
Whose matchless Conduct might our Lions lead,
As far as e're the Roman Eagle *spread.*
And, Royal Pair, though much he apprehends
Your Doom, yet more he on your Grace depends;
He knows your Gen'rous temper cannot frown
On minds so Great, so High, so like your own;
He knows your Nature is inclin'd to spare,
And no Photinus *can infect your Ear.*

FINIS.